King. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make leane
Mow: Yea, but not change his spots, take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deare deare Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a Ten-times barr'd up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyall brest.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one,
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I die.
King: Cosin throw† downe your gage.
Doe you begin.
Bul: Oh heaven defend my Soule from this foule sin.
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height

Before this out-dard dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong:
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The slavish motive of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where Shame doth harbour, even in Mowbrayes face.
Exit Gaunt.
King: We were not borne to sue, but to command
Which since we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready (as your lives shall answer it)
At Coventree, upon Saint Lamberts day:
There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Justice